

Roll With 'Em (ft. Big Tymers)

Juvenile

Juvenile:

It's enemy turf that I'm on, so I'ma play it how it go
Cock the hollow points into my black calico
Hit the coat with some of grams of that dope fo' sho' it's bout to go
Niggaz graduated from sellin' dope to snortin' dope
Gangsta be bustin' heads
Lil Reggie be bustin' heads
K.C., he be bustin' heads
Think I ain't 'bout nustin' heads
Boddies bled, I'll put infrared up in your Cutlass
You play with 226, that's my clique so I say fuck it
Ruckus, war deep, World War III in the mix
5 Hot Boy\$ runnin', bringin' G's to they clique
With them hundred round tip-tips, to make sure niggaz ain't breathin'
You recievin', a punishment for not believin'
Curly head lookin' for me, cause I'm hot and word don' got loose
Bundles of dope fronted, from the Magnolia to the Goose
Snitches wanted to testify the shit that they know
Set a bomb on the front door, put a key in the door and the place blow
Look I been walkin' way mo', with a coat full of yeh-yo
Nothin' but clientele, from 11-5, sale
You don't think it's legal, nigga we can take it to the scale
You gon' double your money, gon' get credit make your bail
Chorus: Juvenile (4x)
With that iron, I'ma roll wit' 'em, momma don't pray for me
I don't back down from no nigga, they got a place for me
Juvenile:
My biological father, was a sperm donor, around the corner
Was the man that killed lil Lanny, who knew we'd understand it
That way that, my mother was heartless to her kids
So he took us in his home, and he raised like his own
Now we grown, and we learned responsibility,
The devil tried to get wit me
To affect all of my dickin' inability
But it's gon' be some shit, when a collision is occurin'
Asurin', of me bein' a factor, through '97 and after
And I'ma have to, get my ten percent
Or I'ma get punished, like the rest of these niggaz and there's evidence
'Cause ever since all these cars and all these mansions, and all these
luxuries was givin'
You wasn't givin' no thanks, to the reason you was livin'

So I'ma keep an open mind and make the right decision
 And ain't tell you niggaz shit, and put my self in a position
 That's unescapable, 'cause you capable, of puttin' my life in danger
 And it's causin' confusion, confusion draw conclusion
 And shootin' up some niggaz that pose a threat
 Until somebody warns you that you're close to death
 Chorus: Juvenile (4x)Mannie Fresh:
 Don't love ya, don't need ya, so why the fuck would I feed ya
 You bitches want my riches, delete ya
 Cause it's movin', it's shakin' number one spot takin'
 Rap shite tight and money we be makin'
 Clock six figures, with brown beats and triggers
 Drinkin' from the riggers, poppa said the gon' fig us
 Everything I make, and everything I drive
 Everything I scratch and everything I ride
 Touch it, , live for it, you niggaz kill for it
 The new Juve tape, got you hoes loosin' weight
 Can't get your life straight, music to masturbate
 Juvenile:
 Test a, nigga like me boy and you better
 Have on your bulletproof sweater, ridin' in an armored Jetta
 Beware of these, thugs in E's
 Everytime you breathe you recievin' a part of me
 Look, my lyrics be combustable like gases
 When I'm grabbin' for the mic and performin' for your masses
 I'm never found on the ship that's steady sinkin'
 Total control and all about self my way of thinkin'
 Bankin', off top, runnin' with them boys from the block
 Totin' glocks that we only use when we put on the spot
 Now I got, a reason to live for than to die
 Keepin' a tight inventory on my supply, of gettin' high
 Know when to stop, don't want to be it, can't even see it
 Not even them little niggaz that I be wit'
 Chorus: Juvenile (10x)I'm gettin' tired, of this bulshit that we hearin'
 I'm gettin' tired, 'bout to get my iron ready to ride
 Ready to ride
 Ready to ride
 Ready to ride, lil wodie
 Momma don't pray for me, I don't back down from no nigga
 Momma don't pray for me, I don't back down from no nigga
 Momma don't pray for me, I don't back down from no nigga

Songwriters

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